

passages from the Classics, and references to Vigerus for idioms, and Bos for Ellipses. By the Rev. E. VALPY, B.D. Travels of ALI BEY, in Morocco, Tripoli, Cyprus, Egypt, Arabia, Syria, and Turkey, between 1803 and 1807. Written by himself, and translated into English.

Compositions in Outline, from Hesiod's Theogony, Works and Days, and the Days. Engraved by J. BLAKE, from Designs by JOHN FLAXMAN, R. A. Professor of Sculpture to the Royal Academy.

History of Great Britain, from the Revolution in 1688, to the French Revolution in 1789. By SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, M. P. LL. D. F. R. S.

The Life of James the Second, King of England, collected out of Memoirs writ of his own hand. Also King James's Advice to his Son; and that Monarch's Last Will, dated November 17, 1688. The whole to be edited, by order of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, by the Rev. J. S. CLARKE, LL. B. F. R. S. Historiographer to the King, Chaplain of the Household, and Librarian to His Royal Highness.

A New Edition of "The Saxon Chronicle," with an English Translation and Notes. By the Rev. J. INGRAM, late Saxon Professor at Oxford.

A Visit to Paris in 1814. By JOHN SCOTT, 8vo.

Gay Mannerings; or, The Astrologer. By the Author of Waverley. 3 vols 12mo. St. Valentine's Eve. A Novel. By Mrs. OPIE. 3 vols. 12mo.

Discipline; a Novel. By the Author of Self-Control. 3 vols. post 8vo.

The Pastor's Fire-Side. By Miss PORTER, Author of Thaddeus of Warsaw, and Scottish Chiefs. 3 vols. 12mo.

An Introduction to Entomology, or Elements of the Natural History of Insects. By the Rev. WILLIAM KIRBY, B. A. F. L. S. Author of "Monographia Apum Angliæ," and WILLIAM SPENCE, Esq. F. L. S.

A Popular View of the Phenomena of the Atmosphere; with Observations on the Weather, Light, and Heat. By G. J. SINGER. 8vo.

A new edition of "Atmospherical Researches," by T. FORSTER, F. L. S. Ornamented with Engravings.

A new edition of "The Letters of Yorick and Eliza;" to which are added, Biographical Memoirs of the Writers, the late Rev. Mr. STERNE and the celebrated Mrs. DRAPER.

The Lay of Marie, a Poem, by Miss BETHAM.

Dr. W. B. COLLYER's Course of Lectures on the "Scripture Parables," at Salters' Hall, London: forming the Fourth Volume of Dr. Collyer's Lectures,

CONTE DE LABORDE, the learned Author of "*Voyage Pittoresque et Historique de L'Espagne*," in 3 vols. folio; and of other works on Antiquities, History, &c. proposes to publish a Series of Engravings and Sketches of the Ancient Architectural and Sculptural Monuments of France; classed in Chronological order.

The Literary and Scientific Calendar of the British Empire. For the Year 1814. To be continued annually.

Mr. HULBECK, of Shrewsbury, has announced the first number of a "Salopian Magazine, and Monthly Observer."

Shakspeare's Himself again; or the Language of the Poet asserted; being a full, but dispassionate, examen of the reading and interpretations of the later Editors. By ANDREW BECKET, esq. 2 vols.

The Royal Military Calendar; containing (without comment) the Services of all General Officers living at the close of this year. By JOHN PHILIPPART, esq.

A Grammar of the Arabic Language, accompanied by a Praxis of the first three Chapters of Genesis; with an Analysis of the Words, and a Vocabulary, in which the primary signification of each Word is investigated and compared with the Hebrew. By the Rev. J. F. USKO, Rector of Orsett, Essex. To be published by subscription in 2vo.

The great noise which the late discoveries in the Anatomy and Functions of the organs of the Brain, have made in the capital, may render it interesting to our readers to hear, that numerous Anatomists, who formerly opposed the new doctrine, are now its most strenuous advocates. Our Correspondent Mr. T. FORSTER, who has been demonstrating this science at Cambridge, and who was originally very sceptical on this subject, assures us that since he has become acquainted with it, he has looked in vain for a single case of exception to the rules laid down by Drs. Gall and Spurzheim. Cases which illustrate this Theory are so numerous everywhere, that those who will take the trouble patiently to learn and investigate the facts, will find ample field for confirmation of the theory, wherever there are animated beings either human or animal.

The Prince Regent has fulfilled his promise to the University of Gottingen: he has actually sent to it a copy of every English work of importance that has appeared during the last ten years. The fine library of Gottingen is now in possession of this rich present.

The Bible Society of St. Petersburg has printed, within the last two years, 38,700 Bibles, in seven languages; and

the Committees 31,500, in four languages. The paper cost 90,000 roubles.

There are new editions of the Bible now printing at Warsaw, Posen, Thorn, and Cracow. This has appeared the more necessary as since the creation and aggrandizement of the Duchy of Warsaw, more than a thousand parish schools have been built, and endowed by the liberality of the noble proprietors, to enlighten the respectable class of the industrious peasantry. These establishments have been made after a plan formed by the Commission of Public Instruction, under the Presidency of the Count Stanislaus Potocki. The Provinces the most distant from Poland will be ready to do the same if they are permitted. Editions of the Bible are also making at Roriemiennell, at Wilna, in the Polonese and Lithuanian language.

By accounts from Persia of the 8th of May it appears that the Schah of Persia had written the following letter to the English Envoy, Sir Gore Ouseley:

"In the name of God, whose glory is over all! It is our high will that our dear friend, the worthy and respectable Sir Gore Ouseley, Envoy Extraordinary from His Majesty the King of Great Britain, be informed, that the book of the Gospel, translated into the Persian tongue by the labours of Henry Martin, of blessed memory, and which has been presented to us in the name of the worthy, learned, and enlightened Society of Christians, who have united for the purpose of spreading the Divine books of the teacher Jesus, to whose name, as to that of all the Prophets, be ascribed honour and blessing, has been received by us, and merits our high acknowledgment. For many years past the four gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, were known in Persia; but now the whole of the New Testament is completely translated, which event is a new source of satisfaction for our enlightened mind. With the grace of God the merciful, we will direct those of our servants who are admitted into our presence, to read the said writings from beginning to end before us, that we may listen to their sentiments respecting the same. Inform the members of the above enlightened Society, that they receive, as they merit, our royal thanks.—Given at Reki, in the year of the Hegira 1229.

FAREH ALI SCHAH."

The Rev. ROBERT MORRISON, Missionary from the London Society, and the East India Company's Translator at Canton, has recently accomplished the arduous task of rendering the New Testament into the Chinese language, and

printing it in the appropriate characters. By the late arrivals from China, 50 copies of this singular work have been brought to England, and are now in the course of distribution to Colleges, Public Libraries, and Institutions, and to some Dignitaries of the Church.

INDEX INDICATORIUS.

In our SUPPLEMENT to the present Volume (which will be published with the Magazine for January 1815), the favours of many Correspondents will be acknowledged, which want of room only has hitherto compelled us to postpone.

In answer to N. N. we can assure him, that "*Metronariston*" was the production neither of Mr. Wakefield nor of Mr. Horne Tooke, but of the Rev. Dr. John Warner.

Dr. Byrom, the Author of *Short Hand*, soon after the year 1745, told George Lloyd, Esq. of Holme Hall, near Manchester, that the song of God Save the King was first written, God save great Charles our King.

In answer to RICHMONDIENSIS, the proposed edition of Browne Willis's "*History of the Mitred and Parliamentary Abbeys*," &c. has not yet been published; we wish we could add, that it may be soon expected.

The representation of VERITAS respecting aged Seamen may be very just; but would be more likely to meet redress through the medium of some benevolent Admiral, than by means of the press.

We decline any farther *Strictures* on the Vagrant Act and Poor Laws.

AN IDLER has applied to the wrong shop for information on the "*New Game of German Tactics*."

F. S. A. requests intelligence respecting the Guild or Fraternity of St. Barbara, founded by Henry VIII. and Catharine of Arragon, as to their methods of proceeding, &c. &c.

B. respectfully asks, through what alliance it is, that Earl Spencer, in the plate of his Armorial bearings prefixed to the "*Description of his Library*," quarters "Gules, two wings ermine, conjoined in lure."

HISTORICUS would be obliged by any particulars of the history and pedigree of the *Mowbray* family antecedent to the reign of Henry II. and their arms at that period: and of any thing relating to the Battle of Thirsk, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, which was in and previous to that reign.

Dr. HODGSON asks, whether the *Morvanite* (Professor Link's *Travels in Spain*, English Translation, p. 360.) is the substance called by Mineralogists *Stour Marie*? or what other substance?

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

59. *Travels in various Countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa; by Edward Daniel Clarke, LL. D. Part the Second—Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land—Section the Second. 4to. pp. 821. Cadell and Davies.*

WE should be perplexed, and in a manner bewildered, with the multitude and variety of amusement and information which this Volume unfolds, but that fortunately it treats of numerous matters, concerning which the curiosity of the Publick has recently been indulged with many curious and instructive works. We are now as familiar with Egypt, Syria, and Greece, as the ingenuity, talents, and researches, of such men as Hamilton, Chateaubriand, Gell, Wightman, and a long Catalogue of enlightened Travellers, can possibly reader us. To say the truth, there is a great deal indeed in Dr. Clarke's publication which cannot fail to excite the liveliest interest, and must be perused with no ordinary gratification; at the same time we are of opinion that much might have been spared, and more particularly with respect to Greece and the antiquities of Athens, on which curiosity has recently been satiated, *usque ad fastidium*. As it is not our disposition to find fault unnecessarily with a Writer to whom we confess important obligations, we will just pause on the threshold of our remarks, to inform the Reader, that the barbarous massacre of the Turks at Jaffa is now for ever put to rest. A French Officer who subscribes his name to the work, being no longer under the terror of Buonaparte's tyranny, has published a detailed account of the transactions of the French in Egypt and Syria. Among other horrible atrocities, he relates that he himself was present at this nefarious murder of the Turks at Jaffa; and he relates some particulars which make the heart faint, and the head sick. But of this enough.

We will, as is our usual practice, place before the Reader an outline of Dr. Clarke's route.

The conclusion of the Second Volume left Dr. Clarke at Acre.—This Volume commences with a more circumstantial description of Acre, and

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of that strange and brutal character, Djezzar, its sovereign prince.—On his arrival at Aboukir, on his way to Egypt from Acre, the Author had a narrow escape from being conveyed to France; he luckily fell in with another English ship, which carried him to the place of his destination.

We have in the second chapter an agreeable account of the Voyage up the Nile to Grand Cairo, written in Dr. Clarke's lively and interesting manner. Grand Cairo is well described, with the pyramids of Djira and Saccara.

From Cairo the Traveller returned to Rosetta; from Rosetta he proceeded to Alexandria. From this period the Work much increases in interest, as it is in a great degree original and new, and full of curious information. We have animated descriptions of the Greek Islands, which since the time of Tournefort have not been investigated with adequate diligence. The account of Cos, of Patmos, and Paros, and Antiparos, &c. comprehended between pages 298 and 424, is, according to our judgment, the most curious and valuable portion of the whole Work, and would, and will still, make a separate Publication, which cannot fail of being universally acceptable. Four Chapters are next employed on the subject of Athens, indicating beyond all doubt great learning, acuteness, and antiquarian knowledge, on the part of this enlightened Traveller; but, being without the recommendation of particular novelty, and not adding very considerably to the stock of our information on these subjects, might very well and very much have admitted of curtailment.

The remainder of the Volume is confined to a description of Peloponnesus and of Attica.

When we bid adieu to Dr. Clarke, we leave him at Athens, preparing to travel through Bœotia, Phocia, Thessaly, Persia, Macedonia, and Thrace, to Constantinople.

We next point out a few particulars which more earnestly impressed us in our progress through the Work.

In the Preface Dr. Clarke resumes the disputed and disputable question of

of the Tomb of Alexander. It cannot be denied but Dr. Clarke has bestowed much diligence in selecting historical evidence on this subject, and argues upon it with considerable acuteness; but it is still evident from the result, that his evidence and his arguments have failed to bring conviction along with them. The Trustees of the British Museum, among whom are many learned and accomplished judges of antiquity and the arts, still persist in not designating it as the Tomb of Alexander, in the Catalogue of the Antiquities of the Museum. Dr. Clarke, on serious reflection, could hardly expect the Trustees would allow Copies of his Evidence and arguments, which had obviously failed to satisfy themselves, to be distributed by their porter at the gate. The Soros, from its materials, construction, ornaments, and size, was most unquestionably the Sarcophagus of some very exalted Personage. A tradition has also long and extensively prevailed among the Arabians that it was the repository of the body of Alexander. It is also not to be disputed that Alexander was buried in Alexandria. There the matter rests, nor does it appear of very material importance of what body it was the repository. One thing is certain, that we owe its being in the place where it now is, to the activity and vigilance of Dr. Clarke. It was concealed by the French in the hold of an old hospital-ship, where Dr. Clarke found it half filled with filth, and covered with the rags of the sick people on board.

The same fact is asserted by Mr. Hamilton (who accompanied Dr. Clarke on the occasion) in his excellent work called *Egyptiaca*:

"We were conducted," says Mr. Hamilton, "alongside of a large hospital-ship, on board of which was the celebrated Alexandrian Sarcophagus. It had been for several months in the hold, and was intended to be sent to France the first opportunity. This monument was resigned to us not without much regret, as it had long been considered one of the most valuable curiosities in Alexandria." *Egyptiaca*, p. 403.

[To be continued.]

60. *A Classical Tour through Italy. An. MDCCLII. By the Rev. John Chetwode Eustace. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Illustrated with*

a Map of Italy, Plans of Churches, &c. In Two Volumes, 4to. Mawman.

SUCH a Tour as the present was much wanted by the professors and admirers of classic literature, who had been long in the practice of reading descriptions drawn from the state of ancient monuments as they were left by the barbarians who in past ages ravaged Italy, and the slow operations of time. But, the French Revolution occurring, the natives of this venerated country became infected with the same principles of destruction France had exhibited; and we accordingly find that they began the mighty ruin subsequently completed by their instructors. Hence it became necessary that some attentive and competent observer should pass through Italy, and inform us what changes have taken place in consequence of the recent political events; and such, as appears to us, has been the case in the person of Mr. Eustace, who travelled with companions calculated to give effect to all his researches—the Hon. Mr. Cust (now Lord Brownlow), Robert Rushbrooke, Esq. and Philip Roche, Esq. Mr. Eustace dedicates his Volumes to Lord Brownlow, to whom he acknowledges himself indebted for several useful observations, and the details of an excursion to Ischia, and the account of the solitudes of Camaldoli and of Alvernia. A handsome tribute is paid to the memory of the last of those gentlemen (now deceased). The Author, as has been the practice time long past, speaks of his performance with diffidence, being fully aware that the title itself is sufficient to raise expectations that have, in many instances, been more frequently disappointed than satisfied. His preliminary discourse, which precedes the Tour, in which are pointed out the qualities and accomplishments necessary to derive full advantages from an Italian Tour, he offers chiefly for the information of young and inexperienced travellers.

The epithet *Classical* is descriptive of the character of the Work, which professes to trace the resemblance between modern and ancient Italy, and to have "for guides and companions, in the beginning of the 19th century, the writers that preceded or adorned the first." In conformity with this character, the Author concludes

cludes he may be allowed to admit poetical recollections, to dwell upon the incidents of ancient history, and borrow expressions used by the Latin writers in the description of objects, which, though reprobated by severe critics, Mr. Eustace considers as arising spontaneously from the soil he treads, and constituting one of its distinguishing beauties. Some, he proceeds, may think his modern history too brief; but, as it is not *classical*, he uses it merely in illustration.

"As for the forms of government established in many provinces by the present French rulers, they are generally passed over in silence and contempt, as shifting scenes, or rather mere *figurants*, in the political drama, destined to occupy the attention for a time, and to disappear when the *principal character* shows himself upon the stage."

Though Mr. Eustace here alludes to his *classical antient Description of Italy*, opposed to his *modern account* of the same places; he at the same time forcibly brings to recollection, that one principal *Tragic Actor* has made his exit—as it is hoped, for ever.

Mr. E. professes to say but little respecting painting and sculpture, and he gives very satisfactory reasons for the omission; and yet thinks he has said much in comparison of other tours and similar compositions.

"As to the style: in the first place some, perhaps many expressions, and occasionally whole sentences, may have been inadvertently repeated—a fault great without doubt, but pardonable because almost unavoidable in descriptive composition. *Who*, indeed, can paint like *Nature*, or who vary his colouring with all the tints of Italian scenery, lighted by an Italian sky? If *Lucretius* has repeated at length two of the most beautiful passages in his poem, the Author may claim indulgence, if, in describing the perpetual recurrence of similar objects, he has been betrayed into similar language."

Antient proper names he uses in preference to modern, as in the cases of *Benacus*, *Liris*, and *Athesis*, instead of *Lago di Garda*, *Garigliano*, and *Adige*, "because the former names are still familiar to the learned ear, and by no means unknown even to the peasantry. The same may be said of the *Arno*, the *Tiber*, and several other rivers, and may be extended to many cities and mountains." As much as was in his power, the Author has

attempted to reject the French termination in Italian names; and he would with pleasure, could he consistently, have discarded the half-barbarous appellations with which the same people have misnamed many of the illustrious Antients, and thus restore to *Horace* and *Virgil* all their Roman majesty. The general reformation on this head he recommends to the learned Presidents of our Universities and public schools; and the *Reviews*; which of late have "exercised no small influence over custom itself."

The next subjects noticed in the Preface are, *Religion*, *Politicks*, and *Literature*—subjects that occupy the minds of every individual raised by education above the level of labourers and mechanicks; and in treating of these, the Reverend Gentleman finds it necessary to obtrude himself on the attention of his Readers in the following terms, which we think are honourable to his character and profession; and were the principles of toleration it contains universally adopted, happy would be the result.

"Sincere and undisguised in the belief and profession of the Roman Catholic Religion, the Author affects not to conceal, because he is not ashamed of its influence. However unpopular it may be, he is convinced that its evil report is not the result of any inherent defect, but the natural consequence of polemic animosity, of the exaggerations of friends, of the misconceptions of enemies. Yes! he must acknowledge that the affecting lessons, the holy examples, and the majestic rites of the Catholic Church, made an early impression on his mind; and neither time or experience, neither reading nor conversation, nor much travelling, have weakened that impression, or diminished his veneration. Yet, with this affectionate attachment to the antient Faith, he presumes not to arraign those who support other systems. Persuaded that their claims to mercy, as well as his own, depend upon sincerity and charity, he leaves them and himself to the disposal of the common Father of All, who, we may humbly hope, will treat our errors and our defects with more indulgence than mortals usually shew to each other. In truth, Reconciliation and Union are the objects of his warmest wishes, of his most fervent prayers: they occupy his thoughts, they employ his pen: and if a stone shall happen to mark the spot where his remains are to repose, that

stone

stone shall speak of Peace and Reconciliation."

The same spirit seems to actuate Mr. Eustace in his political relations—and perhaps his ardent expressions in favour of freedom, may incline some of his Readers to suppose he is a friend to Republican principles. Mr. Eustace considers Liberty as the source of so much public and private virtue, that it cannot fail to be the idol of liberal and manly minds; and that form of government which best secures it to the community, will naturally be preferred: but he avers that the admirers of liberty need not have recourse to theories on this head, as

"The Constitution of England actually comprises the excellencies of all the ancient commonwealths, together with the advantages of the best forms of monarchy: though liable, as all human institutions are, to abuse and decay, yet, like the works of Providence, it contains in itself the means of correction, and the seeds of renovation. Such a system was considered as one of unattainable perfection by Cicero, and was pronounced by Tacitus, 'a vision fair but transient.' A scheme of policy that enchanted the sages of antiquity may surely content the patriot and the philosopher of modern days; and the only wish of both must be, that, in spite of royal encroachment and of popular frenzy, it may last for ever."

In such cases as may occur of a difference of opinion in literary matters from those who have preceded him in similar labours, Mr. Eustace hopes he has expressed himself in terms due to their feelings and reputation. As to the merits of the French language and the literature of that Nation, he has his peculiar opinion; but he professes himself to be open to conviction, only requesting his Readers to weigh the reasons he offers against both with impartiality, for it is to the far-spreading influence of French Writers he ascribes most of the calamities under which the world suffered when he made his Tour.

"This observation," he adds, "naturally leads to the following. If ever he indulges in harsh and acrimonious language, it is when speaking of the French, their principles, and measures; and on this subject he acknowledges that his expressions, if they correspond

with his feelings, must be strong, because his abhorrence of that government and of its whole system is deep and unqualified. Neither the Patriot who recollects the vindictive spirit with which the Ruler of France carries on hostilities against Great Britain, the only bulwark of Europe, and the asylum of the independence of Nations, because he knows where Freedom makes her last stand,

Libertas ultima mundi

Quo steterit ferienda loco;—*Lucan*, vii. Nor the Philosopher who considers the wide-wasting war which the French Government has been so long carrying on against the liberties and the happiness of mankind,—will probably condemn the Author's feelings as intemperate, or require any apology for the harshness of his expressions. As long as religion and literature, civilization and independence, are objects of estimation among men, so long must *Revolutionary France* be remembered with horror and detestation."

The remainder of the Preface relates to the mutual kindnesses of the Author and his friends towards each other on their journey, and the announcement of a more extensive, and scarcely less interesting, excursion to parts of Dalmatia, the Western coasts of Greece, the Ionian Islands, Sicily, Malta, &c.

The Preliminary Discourse is divided into different heads, under which the Author gives his opinion how the young traveller may profit by due attention to the subjects he recommends: as for those who wander through Europe merely in search of amusement, he thinks a convenient carriage, a letter of credit, and a well-furnished trunk, is all they can possibly want: to the man of research he points out the propriety of making Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and Livy, and certain modern Latin poets whom he names, his constant attendants; and, above all, the acquirement of a competent knowledge of the Italian language before the commencement of his Tour. He then speaks of Italian history, medals, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, &c. &c.; and, finally, of an *unprejudiced mind*, the result "of time and observation, of docility and benevolence." Mr. Eustace by no means requires that we should be insensible to the peculiar blessings of our own Country, but "that we should shew some indige-

gence to the errors, and some compassion for the sufferings, of less favoured nations."

The same philanthropy he would have extended to the exercise of religious rites; and he advises those who are averse to them, to remember

"That whether the Gospel be read in the language and according to the simple forms of the Church of England, under the Gothic vaults of York or of Canterbury, or whether it be chanted in Greek and Latin, with all the splendour of the Roman ritual, under the golden dome of the Vatican; it is always and everywhere the same voice of truth, the same tidings of salvation."

In the progress of these observations the Author mentions Addison's Travels as a common guide in an Italian tour. Of that Gentleman he remarks, that, though he possessed naturally "an enlarged mind, humane feelings, and a fancy teeming with imagery, yet prejudice had narrowed his extensive views, religious acrimony had soured his temper, and party had repressed his imagination."

The route and the most favourable seasons for particular pursuits are satisfactorily stated; and we are informed, that

"The great roads in Italy are good, the posts well furnished with horses, and robberies not common; travelling is therefore, in general, safe and expeditious. The principal, and indeed almost the only inconveniencies, arise from the equinoctial rains and the summer heats. The influence of both is felt over all Italy; that of the former is particularly inconvenient, and even sometimes dangerous, especially in the Northern provinces and along the Eastern coast."

The inundations these occasion render fords impassable, sweep away bridges, and cover the roads with mud, and leave tracts of low ground overflowed for months after the water subsides in the rivers. The months of July and August are too intensely hot to render travelling even safe. Mr. Eustace recommends, therefore, those who choose to brave the dangers of the season, to set out an hour before sun-rise, stop at ten, and repose till five, and then proceed as daylight will permit.

Mr. Eustace candidly advises travellers from England to lay aside all their native predilection for cleanly

and comfortable Inns, and to make the best they can of good food, prepared for eating at least in a new way to them; reflecting at the same time that they might have fared worse had they lived when Horace wrote.

"The inconvenience of which the poet complains at *Tyricus*, is at present very general at the Inns both of France and Italy, where the shivering traveller finds himself, if he happens to travel in cold weather, like Horace, often ushered into a damp room, and placed before a newly lighted fire, diffusing a half-smothered flame, *lacrimoso non sine fumo*."

There are many just observations as to the society into which travelling introduces young men. — For a long time it was supposed impossible that a man of fortune could appear to any advantage in England, unless he had previously been polished by a residence at several of the capitals on the Continent. This idea, whim, or reality, received a mortal blow through the French Revolution, by those capitals becoming brutalized by the destruction and dispersion of the most accomplished citizens and courtiers; and thus London became the focus of respectable and polished society. The Author thinks it must be obvious to his Readers, that Englishmen need not travel to see Englishmen: he, therefore, suggests that, however agreeable it may be to associate with their countrymen at leisure hours, travellers should be provided with introductions to well-informed residents at every important place they visit. He also points out the scenery of most distinguished celebrity; and notices the general magnificence of the churches, many of which are of such vast extent, and so much enriched with sculpture, as to have prevented the finishing through the failure of the funds of their pious founders. The conclusion of the preliminary Discourse is as instructive as it is beautiful, being such as might be expected from a Christian teacher who considers mankind as his flock; and we cheerfully insert it, ardently wishing it may be useful hereafter to the younger class of our Readers.

"But one final observation I wish to impress strongly on the mind of the youthful traveller, as its object is intimately connected with his present repose and with his future happiness. Moral improvement is, or ought to be, the end

end of all our pursuits and of all our exertions. Knowledge, without it, is the amusement of an idle moment, and the great and splendid exhibitions which nature and genius present to our contemplation, are merely the shifting scenery of an evening drama — delightful but momentary. Let him look, therefore, continually to this most important attainment; and while he endeavours every day to increase his store of knowledge, let him exert himself with still greater assiduity to add to the number of his virtues. Nations, like individuals, have their characteristic qualities, and present to the eye of a candid observer, each in its turn, much to be imitated, and something to be avoided. These qualities of the mind, like the features of the face, are more prominent and conspicuous in Southern countries; and in these countries perhaps the traveller may stand in more need of vigilance and circumspection, to guard him against the treachery of his own passions, and the snares of external seduction. Miserable, indeed, will he be, if he shall use the liberty of a traveller as the means of vicious indulgence, abandon himself to the *delicious immorality* (for so it has been termed) of some luxurious capital; and, forgetful of what he owes to himself, to his friends, and to his country, drop one by one, as he advances, the virtues of his education and of his native land, and pick up in their stead the follies and vices of every climate which he may traverse. When such a wanderer has left his innocence, and perhaps his health, at Naples; when he has resigned his faith and his principles at Paris; he will find the loss of such inestimable blessings poorly repaid, by the languages which he may have learned, the antiques which he may have purchased, and the accomplishments which he may have acquired in his journey. Such acquirements may furnish a pleasing pastime; they may fill the vacant intervals of a useful life; they may even set off to advantage nobler endowments and higher qualifications: but they can never give the credit and the confidence that accompany sound principles, nor can they bestow, or replace

‘The mind’s calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy,’

at once the effect and the reward of virtue. These are the real, the permanent, I might almost add, the only blessings of life. He who possesses them can want but little more; and he who has forfeited them, whatever his fortune may be, is ‘poor indeed.’”

The devastation committed by the

French occurs almost in every page. At Mantua they robbed the inhabitants of their venerated bust of Virgil, and amused them by placing a plaster bust of that poet on an ill-proportioned pillar about 10 feet high. Four other pillars supported other casts; and the whole were tied together by what might be termed festoons, had they not been drawn as tight as ropes. “Around this ridiculous pageant the French troops drew up, and paraded. The inhabitants seemed purposely to keep aloof.”

We could wish to do ample justice to this extensive and most interesting Work; but it is impracticable, because there are few of its pages which do not offer something worthy of notice. We shall however do our best to recommend the valuable labours of Mr. Eustace.

Much information and amusement may be derived from his account of the palaces of Rome; and in Vol. I. p. 211, is a curious illustration of the history of a statue.

“In an antichamber of the Palazzo Spada, stands the celebrated statue of Pompey; at the foot of which Cæsar is supposed to have fallen. The history of this statue deserves to be inserted. It was first placed, during Pompey’s life, in the Senate-house which he had erected; and when that edifice was shut up, it was raised by order of Augustus on a double arch or gateway of marble opposite the grand entrance of Pompey’s theatre. It was thrown down, or fell, during the convulsion of the Gothic wars, and for many ages it lay buried in the ruins. It was at length discovered, I believe about the beginning of the seventeenth century, in a partition wall between two houses. After some altercation, the proprietors of the two houses agreed to cut the statue asunder, and to divide the marble; when, fortunately, the Cardinal de Spada heard the circumstance, and by a timely purchase prevented the accomplishment of the barbarous agreement, and the destruction of one of the most interesting remnants of Roman antiquity. Another danger awaited Pompey’s statue, at a much later period, and from an unexpected quarter. While the French occupied Rome, in the years 1798-99, &c., they erected in the centre of the Coliseum a temporary theatre, where they acted various republican pieces for the amusement of the army and for the improvement of such Romans as might be disposed to fraternize with them, and adopt their

their principles. Voltaire's Brutus was a favourite tragedy, as may easily be imagined; and, in order to give it more effect, it was resolved to transport the very statue of Pompey, at the feet of which the Dictator had fallen, to the Coliseum, and to erect it on the stage. The colossal size of the statue and its extended arm rendered it difficult to displace it; the arm was therefore sawed off for the conveyance, and put on again at the Coliseum; and on the second removal of the statue it was again taken off, and again replaced at the Palazzo de Spada. So friendly to Pompey was the republican enthusiasm of the French! So favourable to the arts and antiquities of Rome is their love of Liberty."

The description of the Vatican is given with a vivacity which brings that vast and astonishing edifice before us, — the labour of ages, the favourite pursuit of many Popes, and the product of the most celebrated architects—a structure, or rather collection of palaces of wonderful extent, which contained every thing valuable in literature and the arts.

"Its extent," says Mr. Eustace, "is immense, and covers a space of 1200 feet in length and 1000 in breadth. Its elevation is proportionate, and the number of apartments it contains almost incredible. Galleries and porticos sweep around and through it in all directions, and open an easy access to every quarter. Its halls and saloons are all on a great scale, and by their multitude and loftiness alone give an idea of magnificence truly Roman. The walls are neither wainscoted nor hung with tapestry: they are adorned, or rather animated, by the genius of Raffaello and Michael Angelo. The furniture is plain, and ought to be so: finery would be misplaced in the Vatican, and would sink into insignificance in the midst of the great, the vast, the sublime, which are the predominating features, or rather the very genii of the place. The grand entrance is from the portico of St. Peter's by the *Scala Regia*, the most superb staircase perhaps in the world, consisting of four flights of marble steps adorned with a double row of marble ionic pillars. This staircase springs from the equestrian statue of Constantine, which terminates the portico on one side; and whether seen thence, or viewed from the gallery leading on the same side to the colonnade, forms a perspective of singular beauty and grandeur."

We strongly recommend the whole

article on the Vatican to the perusal of our Readers.

The general remarks on the antiquity and good and bad taste of the Churches in Rome, are extremely satisfactory: the latter he attributes to the fashion of the times when they happened to be erected, and the controul under which architects too frequently are obliged to exercise their talents—besides, he admits that the most eminent moderns "have been too prone to indulge the fond hope of excelling the antients, by deviating from their footsteps; and of discovering some new proportions, some form of beauty unknown to them, by varying the outlines, and by trying the effects of endless combinations."

Mr. Eustace also offers satisfactory reasons why many of the churches are in a state of dampness and decay; but taking every disadvantage into account, he adds,

"There are few, very few Churches in Rome, which do not present, either in their size or their proportions, in their architecture or their materials, in their external or internal decoration, something that deserves the attention of the traveller, and excites his just admiration. He, therefore, who delights in halls of an immense size and exact proportion, in lengthening colonnades, and vast pillars of one solid block of porphyry, of granite, of Parian or Egyptian marble; in pavements that glow with all the tints of the rainbow, and roofs that blaze with brass or gold; in canvas warm as life itself, and statues ready to descend from the tombs on which they recline, will range round the churches of Rome, and find in them an inexhaustible source of instructive and rational amusement, such as no modern capital can furnish, and such as might be equalled or surpassed by the glories of antient Rome alone."

As an illustration of this part of his subject, the Author introduces several very neat engravings of ichnography and elevations of curious churches.

As long as this valuable Tour shall last, so long will the following extract be read with the feelings which dictated it. After noticing the vast sums expended in bringing the Church of St. Peter to its present state of perfection, and the impossibility of restoration should a convulsion of nature, or human malignity, derange its component parts, Mr. Eustace exclaims,

"What

“What then will be the astonishment or rather the horror of my reader, when I inform him, that this unrivalled temple, the triumph and master-piece of modern skill, the noblest specimen of the genius and the powers of man, was, during the late French invasion, made an object of rapacious speculation, and doomed to ruin? Yet such is the fact. When the exhausted income of the State, and the plunder of all the public establishments, were found unequal to the avance of the Generals and to the increasing wants of the soldiers; the French Committee turned its attention to St. Peter's, and employed a company of Jews to estimate and purchase the gold, silver, and bronze that adorn the inside of the edifice, as well as the copper that covers the vaults and dome on the outside. The interior ornaments might, perhaps, have been removed without any essential or irreparable damage to the body of the fabric; but to strip it of its external covering was to expose it to the injuries of the weather, and to devote it to certain destruction: especially as the Papal Government, when restored, had not the means of repairing the mischief. But Providence interposed, and the hand of the Omnipotent was extended to protect his temple. Before the work of sacrilege and barbarism could be commenced, the French Army, alarmed by the approach of the Allies, retired with precipitation, and St. Peter's stands!”

Those who admire the Roman Catholic form of worship, may find ample gratification in reading Mr. Eustace's account of the solemnities at St. Peter's, at various times of the year. (*To be continued.*)

61. *A Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, on Thursday, June 3, 1813, being the Time of the Yearly Meeting of the Children educated in the Charity Schools in and about the Cities of London and Westminster. By the Right Rev. George Henry, Lord Bishop of Chester. To which is annexed, a Report of the Proceedings of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, for the Year 1813.* 8vo, pp. 150.

FROM Gen. xviii. 19. “For I know, that he will command his children, and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord;” the learned and benevolent Prelate takes occasion to shew the necessity of Education in general, and more especially the peculiar advantages of the improved system of

National Education, which is so admirably well calculated for “the training up of youth in the principles and practice of our Established Church.”

“If we wish to produce the full effects of a religious education, the materials must be prepared, and the foundation laid, at a much earlier period than they commonly are. Much evil is occasioned, and much good neglected to be done, before the generality are at all aware of it. None but those who have watched the dawn of the human understanding are sensible, how early and how deep impressions may be made. Children reason not only better, but sooner, than is generally supposed. The work therefore, if it is to be done to the best advantage, must be begun betimes. From an ignorance or neglect of this truth, all future endeavours are frequently unavailing. Parents, therefore, and preceptors cannot too strongly be reminded, that the education of children should commence almost from their birth. The years of infancy are the most important, but the most neglected period of their lives. These form the heart, and stamp the character of the future man. And should the engagements and the cares of life devolve the parental charge upon another, yet surely the greatest caution and consideration are required, more than I fear are generally bestowed, in ascertaining the habits and opinions of those persons, to whom children are entrusted, and from whose sentiments and principles they naturally imbibe their own. And here,” adds the worthy Bishop, “we cannot but express a wish, that an increased attention to the morals of youth may be shewn, in our public schools, and seminaries of learning. A knowledge of the ancient languages and the acquisition of human science, both are and ought to be among the prominent objects of these excellent institutions. But let them not stand first in view. An elucidation of the Scriptures and the inculcation of moral principles are entitled to a far higher consideration, to the principal share of our time and thought. Let not this opinion however either give offence, or be misunderstood. I mean not to affirm that no anxiety at all is shewn to the concerns of religion, neither do I think that they are less regarded at the present, than at any preceding period; but what I believe and assert, is, that a greater degree of attention is still called for in some cases, and that too much can hardly be bestowed in any. For the end is worthy of the means, an object which will always re-

pay the utmost care and zeal. Too long has our youth been educated for the world; let us now strive to educate them for God.—The advantages, however, which we have noticed, great as they are, still are not all the benefits which these national institutions are calculated to produce. Children not only learn their duty to God, but they learn at the same time their duty to man. For religious and civil obligations are grounded upon the same principle, are closely united, and strengthen each other. The same authority which commands us to fear God, enjoins us also to honour the king. Hence they who comply with the former injunction, are not on that account the less likely to regard the latter. And this reasoning is everywhere confirmed by experience. Discontent and insurrections are found to be most prevalent, where the people are most irreligious and uninformed. The great source of that memorable Revolution which like a volcano has convulsed the world, may fairly be traced to the specious writings of pretended philosophers, which gradually undermined the foundations of faith, and thus introduced scepticism in belief, and laxity in principle. Our own disturbances in a preceding period were less tremendous, because the people were less corrupt. But, still, enthusiasm had polluted the word of God, had diminished the practical influence of religion, and thus prepared the public mind for anarchy and change."

Having expatiated on the more peculiar merits of the National Schools, the Bishop thus concludes:

"Let us then pay the warm tribute of our praise and gratitude to those excellent persons, who have devoted their time and talents to the perfecting of an institution, which promises, under the blessing of God, to become the ark of our salvation, and to preserve religion and virtue amidst a surrounding deluge. And here the occasion and objects cannot but remind us of another most excellent institution, the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. Long has it patronized that System of Education, the principles of which are now so generally adopted. For more than 100 years has it been thus labouring, and during all this period has been dispersing the Scriptures, together with books and tracts of sound learning, through every part of the British Empire. Holding a straight undeviating course, at times through evil report as well as good report, it has deserved and obtained the confidence of the nation, and has thus become one of the main

supports of the Christian religion. As long as the National Society shall continue to enlighten the mind of youth, while its sister-establishment confirms the faith of maturer age, the Church of England; will, we trust, be safe. Resting on such firm foundations, and recommending itself to the judgment and affection of the people, by its piety, its moderation, and utility, it may defy the power and malice of its enemies, for neither infidelity, nor enthusiasm, will then prevail against it. Such are the powerful motives which now call upon you to continue and enlarge your bounty to these benevolent institutions. To them you owe this glorious display, which does honour to human nature, and affords a sight upon which the eye of humanity rests with delight. To behold 7000 children, snatched, as we hope, from the dominion of Satan, and brought up in the knowledge and love of God, is a spectacle gratifying to our best feelings, the subject of honest pride and exaltation."

62. *A Sermon, preached at the Cathedral Church of Saint Paul, London, before His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and both Houses of Parliament, on Thursday, July 7, 1814; being the day appointed for a General Thanksgiving.* By George Henry Law, D.D. F.R.S. Lord Bishop of Chester. Published by Command. 4to, pp.27. Rodwell.

THIS Discourse is appropriately inscribed to the Prince Regent, "by whose counsels and firmness, under Divine Providence, this Nation is greatly indebted for the Blessings of Peace."

From Mark xii. 11. "This was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes," the Bishop observes, that

"Whether the world be governed by a general or a particular Providence, can only be resolved, by considering the Word or Works of God"—that "nothing can be more clear and indisputable than the evidence which the Scriptures afford;"—and "that nothing is exempt from the knowledge and controul of the Most High—that great and small are alike to him, the equal objects of a never-failing Providence, and that his tender mercies are over all his works."—The same inference," he adds, "is no less clearly deducible from considering the history of mankind, as exhibited in the rise and subversion of the various Empires of the world."

The Assyrians, the Babylonians, the famed Republics of Greece and Rome, were all in their turn overwhelmed,

"But

“ But the fluctuating and opposite situations in which the inhabitants of Judea were placed, exhibit, in a still clearer light, the controuling Providence of God. . . . We cannot more properly, or more usefully employ the present opportunity, than in applying this awful truth to the circumstances of the period elapsed, and by contemplating, in a religious point of view, that series of events which this age has witnessed—events, now terminated in a manner, which the fondest hopes of man ventured not to anticipate, and for which, we can never sufficiently adore the goodness of the Almighty.—The Revolution in a neighbouring kingdom, so important in its result, and which involved for a time the destinies of the world, appears to have had its origin in a general decay of religious principle, and an almost unbounded corruption and licentiousness of conduct. Hence the public mind became insensible to the voice of loyalty or conscience, and the people were every where prepared for anarchy and violence. Let loose from the controul of the law, and unrestrained by religion, they committed enormities of every kind, and the land flowed with blood. But when anarchy had run its course, and the popular phrenzy was subsiding, a military power succeeded, which, under the imposing names of Liberty and Order, drew to it the moral feelings and wishes of mankind. To this cause the successes of France may principally be attributed. The surrounding nations, artfully seduced from their allegiance, were not well affected to their antient governments. They did not feel it their interest to support them. Indifferent to the event of war, and opposing a feeble, half-willing resistance, they fell an easy conquest; and the greater part of Europe was laid at the feet of a successful Usurper. But under these tremendous visitations, and behind the veil of apparently natural events, we still behold the guiding hand of God. Whilst the evil was most prevalent, the foundation of future good was laid; the instrumentality of the wicked was accomplishing the moral amelioration of mankind—the wind and the storm were fulfilling his word.—Thus instructed, the eyes of nations were opened; they profited by their discomfiture and defeat. Those who were in authority, perceived the causes of their own weakness, and the strength of the Enemy. They endeavoured to deserve and gain the esteem of their subjects, and thus raised that barrier around them, which is for the most part impregnable. The people themselves learnt, at the same time,

the difference between liberty and licentiousness; were taught to distinguish and appreciate the blessings of legitimate government. When these important purposes were attained, we then witness the destruction of a power, fortified with the utmost skill, guarded by every care, and elevated, in the shortsighted view of man, beyond the reach of accidents and change. We behold a mighty warrior going forth with his armies, to overwhelm a distant land, and to destroy, as he vainly hoped, all opposition to his will.—Tributary nations swelled his ranks.—Europe looked on with anxiety and dismay, dreading, lest the last expiring effort of his opponents, should serve only to extinguish their hopes, and rivet their chains more durably. But the Lord he is God, and in his hands alone are the issues of war. At his will, the countless hosts of the Enemy, in view of the very object at which they aimed, were suddenly overthrown—their dead bodies covered the plains.—And here let us pause a moment, to contemplate the fate of their Leader. It affords a memorable lesson to mad ambition. He, poor conqueror! who went forth to subdue, returned himself a fugitive; his dominion over other nations was subverted; the cause of justice prevailed and triumphed. But though the mighty fabric was shaken, and his power curtailed, a vast Empire might still have remained subject to his sway, and the world had yet dreaded the machinations of a mind where peace could never dwell. But here again we perceive effects, the causes of which we are not able sufficiently to develop, and appear to ourselves to behold another instance of a judicial infatuation—the heart of Pharaoh was hardened—when, lo, the sceptre departed from him—his sunset, and Europe hails the return of tranquility and peace.”

In conclusion his Lordship says,

“ Numberless are the blessings which this Nation has received, and now enjoys, under the protecting hand of God. Amidst the wreck of Empires, and the convulsions of the world, our Ark has been miraculously preserved. The antient form of things is now re-appearing, and the dove has found rest for the sole of her foot. On this solemn occasion, therefore, when we have assembled ourselves in His presence, we are called upon, not with our lips alone, but from our hearts, to acknowledge and adore the goodness of the Almighty.”

63. *A Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, before the Right*

Honourable the Lord Mayor, the Judges, the Worshipful the Aldermen, the Serjeants at Law, the Sheriffs, the Common Council of the City of London, and the City Officers, on Sunday, the 12th of June, 1814, being the First Sunday in Trinity Term. By the Rev. William Tooke, F. R. S. Chaplain to his Lordship. 4to, pp. 35.

ONCE more, from the Metropolitan Pulpit, the worthy Chaplain exhorts, delights, instructs — the Masters of Israel — the venerable Judges of the Land, the learned Brethren of the Coif, the Counsellors, and Sages of the Law — and the Magistrates of the Emporium of the World. Once more, like his Prototype the pious Zollikofer, he cries aloud, and spares not. Searching the pure fountain of Holy Writ, the well-springs of Divine Inspiration, he draws from them the refreshing streams which give comfort to the weak, and additional strength to those who are already in the right path.

From Gal. vi. 2. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the Law of Christ," the imperious duty of universal Charity is forcibly and perspicuously inculcated.

"The word *burden* in the language of Scripture means in the first place, troubles, afflictions; secondly, failings and defects. 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord,' says David, 'and he shall sustain thee.' That is, thy disquietudes, those anxieties, which bear hard upon thee, like a heavy burden. You will meet with a hundred such texts. Hence arises the use also made of the same expression by the prophets, when they have some misfortune, or dire calamity to denounce to a nation on the part of God. The burden of Moab, the burden of Assur, to denote the punishments and judgments which God was preparing for those degenerate people. — And are not the evils and calamities of life a real burden? Who of us has not his pains, his vexations, his afflictions."

After urging the propriety of every attempt to alleviate human misery, the Preacher says,

"We may bear the burdens, the disasters of another by compassion. Those tender sentiments excited by the view of the unhappy, when seasonably shewn, mitigate their sorrows and alleviate their misery. Distressing as it is to us in that situation to meet with insensible bosoms, which in a manner insult over our misfortunes by their indifference, and often by their impatience at the re-

ital of our lamentable story, so much balm and consolation do we find in the unfeigned affection of kinder natures. — To compassion we must join consolation. Without this, our indolent grief will only serve rather to justify to the afflicted the magnitude of their affliction. We must relieve them by our converse. In this design have great care not immediately to oppose the torrent of their feelings; but rather commend and encourage them. Coincide with their emotions as far as in justice you can. But after having thus disposed them to listen to you without reluctance, endeavour to bring them to a temper more equal and sedate. Discourse to them on topics that may at once invigorate their minds and shed a gentle dew upon their soul. 'Oh how forcible are right words!' says holy Job. This is one of the noblest uses we can make of speech, and one of the most efficacious means we have in our power to diminish the burden under which our brethren labour. — A third way of comforting them is by actual services. Neither natural indolence nor private interest should prevent us from employing ourselves about others. 'Serve one another in love.' And what a satisfaction must it prove to us, if we take but the least interest in the welfare of our neighbour, to be able not only to alleviate in some degree, but often to relieve him entirely from the burden under which he groans!"

The justness of the following remarks will be generally allowed:

"All of us, generally speaking, have our weakness, our particular failing. It may be often concealed from our own eyes; but those about us find it out and remark it. We shall observe one man full of himself and whatever is connected with him. His person, his family, he makes the centre to which all the lines of his conversation tend. Another is burdensome to such as are obliged to hear him, from the excessive volubility of his tongue and the perpetual accumulation of his narratives. He has forgot that 'in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin.' This one mixes too much bitterness in his raileries. That other shocks by the roughness of his manners. We meet with positive, inquisitive, giddy, tiresome people. And who is sufficient to enumerate all that displeases us even in that exterior which so much pains are taken to adjust? What must be the amount if we penetrate further into those more intimate connexions, under favour whereof each individual permits himself to appear more openly what he is.

is. How many defects in the interior, of which those the nearest to them are the witnesses and the victims. One person, affable and courteous to strangers, is rude and quarrelsome at home. Another, calm and composed when in health, is surly and fretful in sickness, violent and outrageous when in pain. One father abuses the submission and gentleness of his children, by pushing to excess the rights of his authority over them, and demanding perpetual sacrifices from their obedience. On the other hand, do children consider the delicacy of parental tenderness and affection; and does not their heedlessness give their parents a thousand causes of uneasiness and anguish? You, masters, how often do you make your servants suffer for the agitation into which your own temper has thrown you? And you, servants, how frequently do you grieve your masters by your disrespectful airs, or by your negligence in executing their orders? Thus, we all of us have our burden; but, unhappily, it is less burdensome to ourselves than to others. The defects of individuals spoil the pleasures of society for which they were formed. Instead of mutually endeavouring to alleviate the burden of life, they add to its weight."

64. *A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of St. Lawrence, Jewry, before the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, the Worshipful the Aldermen, the Recorder, the Sheriffs, the Common Council of the City of London, the Liveries of the several Companies, and the City Officers, on the 29th of Sept. 1814, before the Election of a Lord Mayor. By the Rev. William Tooke, F. R. S. Chaplain to his Lordship. 4to, pp. 32.*

FINIS coronat opus.—The worthy Chaplain and the Right Honourable Chief Magistrate have most respectably finished their official career, and may now return to the full enjoyment of their *otium cum dignitate*.

The present Discourse is valedictory to the Corporation; who from Matth. vi. 33. are instructed in a masterly manner in their respective relative duties; and the Farewell is in these expressive terms:

"It is customary, as I understand, on this day's solemnity, to expatiate upon the qualifications proper for our chief magistrate. The minister of religion knows no other qualifications for the citizen or the magistrate than those which adorn the gospel of Christ. Nor dare we from the sacred chair propose

to you any example for imitation, but the example of the Son of God. It is our duty and our pleasure at all times to inculcate, by precept and example, obedience to the Law, respect for the magistrate, and Christian charity upon all men. The merits of our present chief magistrate are duly appreciated by the corporation and the country. They want no partial aid. And none are so well able to judge of the qualifications requisite to that high office, as those in whom it is vested by the charter to elect a successor to the civic throne.—It may be permitted me just to add, that its present possessor, on retiring from his public functions, will leave in the bosoms of his brethren the aldermen, and his fellow-citizens in general, that grateful feeling of obligation and respect which in well-constituted minds spontaneously arises on the recollection of duties accurately performed, of justice regularly, patiently, and impartially administered, of the public peace and security uniformly maintained, of trusts fulfilled with strict fidelity, of bounty exerted on proper, and benevolence exemplified on all occasions. The approbation of his conduct by his countrymen must ever be to him a source of the highest gratification. And the hereditary honours it has pleased the Sovereign to confer upon him, giving lustre to his merits, should operate, as all adventitious honours are primarily intended to do, as an incentive to others, to walk the line of rectitude, and to seek for temporal praise and renown by a steady regard to the rules of justice, honour, and humanity. The consciousness of his upright conduct will gild the evening of his days with that serenity and peace, which without it the world cannot give, and which nothing is able to destroy."

We shall close this article by observing, that, at a Court of Common Council, Nov. 24, 1814, the thanks of the Corporation and a purse of 50 guineas were voted to Mr. Tooke. This eloquent Preacher was many years Chaplain to the British Factory at St. Petersburg; and is well known by his various publications on the Russian Empire. And it is a very remarkable coincidence, that a Gentleman of so extensive an acquaintance with the Imperial Court, its manners, and its language, and so capable of conversing with the Emperor Alexander on easy terms, with a confidence as singular as gratifying, should have been officially present at

the late visit of the Allied Sovereigns in the Guildhall of the Metropolis.

65. *A Sermon preached at Cheshunt, Herts, on the Day of General Thanksgiving, July 7, 1814. By the Rev. W. A. Armstrong, B. A. F. S. A. 8vo, pp. 23. Cadell and Davies.*

From Psalm lxxviii. 28. "Thy God hath sent forth strength for thee! Stablish the thing, O God! that thou hast wrought in us," Mr. Armstrong, expatiating on "the removal of the Ark of the Covenant into its resting-place," observes, that

"The Royal Psalmist seems, in the expressions with which he opens this hymn, to have imitated Moses in the sixteenth chapter of Numbers; who, when the ark set forward, said,—'Arise up, Lord! and let thine enemies be scattered; and let them that hate thee flee before thee!' We have in the opening passage of the holy Penman nearly a literal transcript of this impressive apostrophe: 'Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered; and let those that hate him flee before him!' Having lived to see the day wherein the holy ark of God was to be fixed in its own place at Jerusalem,—a place chosen, pointed out, and set apart for it, by the peculiar ordinance of the Lord himself,—he now thought it proper and becoming in him to recount the many favours and mercies from time to time, and indeed at all times, granted to the Jewish nation; and to offer upon his altar the grateful praises and thanksgivings of hearts filled with reverential sentiments of love, and fear, and adoration.—But happier we! who, in these brighter times of the Gospel, are not confined to those darker representations of the Jews; those foreshadowings, mysterious types, and symbols, and tokens, which faintly prefigured *the true*: but, in all fulness and integrity, enjoy the glorious substance, since Christ is himself amongst us. He is that blessed Ark, through whom, and by whom, the Holy Spirit rests upon us, and is in us, ever abiding in the congregation for the sake of his people, and in behalf of his Church."

This animated Preacher concludes:

"The most wise, and the most valiant of men, is still but man; and, unless supported and guided by the Spirit of God, can of himself do nothing. We have already paid the debt of gratitude due to the personal valour of our Allies; the profusion of splendor could do no more than has been done: the

press labours to do them honour; every means of testifying the zeal of approbation has been well nigh exhausted: and they have left our shores, no doubt impressed with the most exalted notions of our national character, our public resources, and our domestic virtues. Our own brave defenders still called for, and they deserve, the loudest praise; the enthusiasm of a people's love cannot exceed their merits:—let us load them with honours; let the public treasury pour out wealth for them, until every one is more than satisfied.—But let us beware, lest, in our zeal to honour them, we dishonour God: for, by Him do kings reign; by Him is the battle lost or won; through Him are all our triumphs; and by His mercy is the blessing of Peace vouchsafed unto us."

66. *Lines to Napoleon Buonaparte. By the Reverend W. A. Armstrong, A. B. F. S. A. 8vo, pp. 15. Cadell and Davies.*

IN *utrumque paratus*, Mr. Armstrong contributes his patriotic efforts both in prose and verse; yet, not unmindful of his more immediate clerical duties, he dismisses the fallen Tyrant with Christian charity:

"But, wretched man! there yet may be,
Lock'd in the grasp of Time,
And treasur'd for eternity,
Some hopes of mercy still.—
Though thy soul labour with a weight of
crime

Most gross and horrible,
Mark well this hallow'd truth:—
There is a Power, unseen, unsearchable,
Who ne'er beginning had, nor shall have
end:

On his supreme behest,
His sovereign will,
Thy future doom must rest.
Then make that Power thy Friend.

Pass'd is the troubled season of thy
youth; [apace,
The noon-day of thy life now wanes
And night comes hasting on the spur of
speed, [made to bleed,
To staunch the wounds which thou hast
And end thy crimes, thy sorrows, and
thy race. [ah never!

Once ended, shall the hour return?—
Then, thou devoted, wretched man!
beware

The hopeless misery of long despair,
And soothe thy soul's disease by healing
prayer:—

Again one word—and fare thee well for
ever. [shed

Repent!—and may the God of mercy
The balm of sweet forgiveness on thy
bruised head!"

67. Jephthah. *A Poem.* By Edward Smedley, Jun. 8vo, pp. 27. Murray.

AGAIN the Harp of "Eria" (see vol. LXXXIV. p. 391.) is tuned to sacred melody—again the Son of a much respected Friend has gained the Seatonian Poetical Prize; and we shall give our Readers an opportunity of judging how deservedly.

"The controversy in regard to Jephthah's sacrifice," Mr. Smedley remarks, "has been extended to a considerable length; and, like all other controversies, is still undetermined—there can, however, be but little doubt that, for all poetical purposes, it is far more sublime to consider that Jephthah offered his daughter as a living victim on the altar, than that he devoted her to perpetual virginity."

The opening of Mr. Smedley's Poem is most beautifully picturesque:

"From the dim East no vermeil tint was sung, [sung; Though thrice the bird of dawn his carol Though Light already on Amana's hill Pois'd her fleet pinion, all was darkness still. [blaze

For there no herald star with doubtful Pours shadow'd brightness from his dewy rays; [sight,

Nor, as with us, soft-stealing on the The gradual landscape mellows into light; Till Morn, all kerchief'd in her virgin gray, [Day.

Glow with meek smile, and blushes into But Morning there with hurried footsteps leads [steeds;

To the dark goal her fiery-harness'd Springs with one bound above the astonish'd sky, [her torch on high.

Pours forth her rushing wheels, and waves Lo! ere the tongue can speak, on Hermon's brow, [now:

Where all was darkness, all is glory Swift, as when first he rose, the trackless Sun [noon was one.

Burst from the deep, and morn and Fiercely he glanc'd with broad and level beam [stream;

On the green bank of Jaboth's mountain And shook his ocean-dropping tresses wide [side."

On redder'd Shenim's balm-distilling It would be unjust to anticipate the pleasing melancholy which the Reader cannot fail to imbibe, by the perusal of the whole of this affecting conflict in a Parent's breast—but we cannot omit the description of Jephthah's tomb, "which is laid down, in many maps of Palestine, in a deserted spot between Rogelim and Lodebar."

"There is a place which in it's Maker's hate Seems form'd, so wild it is, so desolate; Outcast from all his works, and in despair

Tost to Creation, and forgotten there: It bears no trace of Nature, till the void Minds you of that she must have once destroy'd;

No sign of her fair fruits, till you confess Their being from it's single barrenness. Save in one narrow spot you can descry Nought but unbroken, blank, sterility: One narrow spot where, but that e'en the dead

Are here forgotten whence all life is fled, The sullen vastness of some scatter'd stones [bones.

Would mark the resting-place of mortal There her wild arms the wandering ivy flings, [she clings;

Loosening each separate block to which And veils with mantle of insidious shade The ruins which her seeming-love has made. [deadly yew

There, where no turf can spring, the Weeps the black droppings of her venom'd dew: [rious birth

And that strange plant, which of mystery Holds no communion with all-gendering earth; [to shoot

Chance-sown on other trees which seems Boughs without leaves, a stem without a root.

'Twere hard to tell whose grave that ivy twines,

Who long-forgotten in that waste reclines; [cine

Yet as the Pilgrim's march at evening Skirts the gray walls of fallen Rogelim; And towering high, and mantled by the skies,

The giant cliffs of eastward Hermon rise: Drinking with sun-empurpled crest of snows, [throws;

The last bright beam autumnal twilight The turban'd guide will hasten on his way,

As loth in that deserted spot to stay: And through the windings of Lodebar's dell [tell.

Urge the swift tinklings of his camel- Oft his unconscious pause, and the quick ear [not bear,

Which listens for those sounds it would And busy eye, and half-averted head, Show one who struggles with some hidden dread;

Then will he whisper, but in broken tone, And looks with meaning fraught, and round him thrown,

A tale, so sad, so dark, of times so old, 'Twere better left forgotten, or unsold. 'But virgin blood has stain'd that fearful wild—

A Father too—and this his only Child—

Yet was she nothing loth; and meekly
 bow'd [vow'd :
 The breast his rashness to their God had
 Kiss'd his pale lips, and badè him take
 the life [knife :
 He once bestow'd, and bless'd the lifted
 And if her cheek was moisten'd with a
 tear, [dear.
 Not for herself it flow'd, but one more
 Then sigh'd her parting wish, that the
 same stone [own.
 Might some time hold his ashes with her
 There, as they tell, for many a sorrow-
 ing year [bier ;
 The maids of Judah mourn'd upon her
 Scatter'd the firstlings which to Spring
 belong, [song.
 And bath'd the sadness of their soul in
 There voices strange are heard when
 night is still, [hill :
 And sounds mysterious float upon that
 Shapes too have there been seen, not
 such as earth
 Contains, and shadows of no mortal birth.
 Such as another world alone can give,
 Such as no eye may view, and hope to
 live. [stray—
 Condemn'd awhile in gloomy wastes to
 Alla forefend, that such should cross our
 way ! ”

68. *Letters and Miscellaneous Papers of*
Barrè Charles Roberts; continued
from p. 466.

THE ample extracts we have given
 from these interesting Memoirs will
 naturally induce our Readers to wish
 for some specimens of this excellent
 young man's productions. Some of
 the earliest of these may be seen in
 our volume LXXII. pp. 417. 631.
 LXXIII. pp. 420*. 510. LXXV. pp.
 25. 728. LXXVII. p. 309.

To the volume now before us is
 prefixed a letter to the elder Mr.
 Roberts, from “ a gentleman whose
 name is too well and too widely
 known, and esteemed, to require a
 comment, not long after the loss of
 his most dear and valuable sou. A
 testimony so honourable and worthy
 cannot but grace its subject by inser-
 tion here :

“ My dear Sir, *James's Street, March*
21, 1810.

“ If I could have suggested any topic
 of consolation to you, I should not have
 been thus long in conveying it ; but I
 have none : I felt and sympathized with

* In this Letter he very ably sets to
 rest the silly idea that a *Queen Anne's*
Furthing is a little fortune to its acci-
 dental possessor.

your loss ; but this was not sufficient to
 encourage me to break in upon the sac-
 redness of your sorrow.—Now, how-
 ever, that Time has applied his lenient
 hand, and the poignancy of grief is
 mellowed into a tender regret, which
 soothes while it afflicts, and will be the
 consolation of your retired hours, I may
 venture to speak of my young friend,
 known so late, and lost to me so soon.—
 What you have lost cannot be appreci-
 ated ; the world has lost talents rarely
 seen, accompanied with acquirements,
 which, in one so young, were altoget-
 her extraordinary. Nor am I a slight
 sufferer in this lamented wreck ; Mr.
 Barrè had honoured me with his kind-
 ness, and I looked forward to that as-
 sistance from him, which I now know
 not where to procure, and for which I
 have almost ceased to hope. There was
 an elegance, a playfulness of satire, a
 chastened degree of humour in what he
 wrote, that made it truly delightful ;
 the effect of all these was heightened
 by his sound but unobtrusive literature.
 But I forget to whom I am talking.—If
 my transient acquaintance fully enabled
 me to discover this, and more than this,
 what must you have seen ! I have not
 been happy in my new undertaking ;
 four numbers only are out ; and I have
 already lost two most valuable coadju-
 tors. Poor Hoppner, I believe, you did
 not know ; but he was a man of genius,
 and excelled in more than one Art.—I
 have put the little article on Ker Porter
 into the hands of Mr. Grosvenor Bed-
 ford. It is very good ; and I was only
 prevented from inserting it by the mo-
 desty of the ingenious writer, who both
 by letter, and in conversation, exhorted
 me to apply to one who had actually
 travelled in the countries described, and
 omit a Review, in which the errors of
 the publication might, for want of local
 knowledge, be overlooked. Such were
 the feelings of his ingenious mind, and
 such was the humility which accompa-
 nied his uncommon learning, penetra-
 tion, and skill. I beg my best respects
 to Mrs. Roberts, and remain, dear Sir,
 with every sentiment of regard, your
 faithful and obedient Servant,

WILLIAM GIFFORD.”

The “ Letters ” of the young Aca-
 demician begin with his arrival at
 Oxford, Oct. 10, 1805 ; and the date
 of the latest is Aug. 21, 1809. They
 are principally addressed to his fond
 parents ; and are in that easy style of
 familiarity which is the natural result
 of good sense and unreserved confi-
 dence. A few detached paragraphs
 will shew the sprightly turn of the
 Writer.

Writer. In the first letter, from the Star Inn, Mr. Barré Roberts says,

"Our journey here was very pleasant; we talked all the way, and were jocular. We have dined very well on Maintenon cutlets, rabbits with onions, jellies, and cheese. The town seems well enough, though no handsome houses but colleges. I have walked about but little, but enough to have five or six people come up to ask if I wished to see the place, which I understand they do to every body who is not in cap and gown. Praise the Lord, the harper has just struck up 'God save the King,' so I hope he has nearly done. All that was necessary to be said was expressed by the date, but as you desired me to write, I suppose that would not content you, and I have had pens and worse paper, so I write with disgust. Certainly come to this Inn, which is a very excellent one. We are in one of the worst rooms, which is a very good one. I have now wax candles to write by, and am afraid to shew that I know nothing of the customs of these places, so I ask for nothing."

On the next day he writes from *Christ Church*,

"I announce to you my admission into this College: I this morning went with Mr. Robert Goodenough to the Dean. He said but little, asked my name, and how it was spelled, then he told me to go to the next room, he would examine me; another time I went, waited more than an hour, when a servant came and told me I was not wanted any more. I am put (I believe) into borrowed rooms, for though I am now sitting in them I cannot say whether they are mine or not; however, I suppose to-morrow every thing will be settled. I dined in hall as a Commoner: many are younger collegians than I, so many come this term, but the Dean said if I had had the good luck to come earlier I should have had a garret of my own. I find I have forgotten to mention that I have Mr. Goodenough for my tutor; he has appointed his scout and bed-maker to be mine, given me a list of tradesmen, and hints for company, added to which, he joins the friend and tutor; for instance, as a tutor he ordered me to wear a band, but as a friend he advised me not to wear one."

And on the 16th,

"I have had no more interviews with the Dean, but I wear a band constantly, in expectation of being sent for to him, for I know, in such a dreadful agitation as it would cause to me, I should forget all *et ceteras*."

In the same mingled vein of seriousness and pleasantry he describes the sitting-up of his rooms.

"Oct. 27. *Consummatum est*. Every thing was got in and finished by 7 last night so completely, that at that hour I had tea in my rooms, and Green, who, you may remember, was the next garettee to me, drank tea and sate with me till eleven, when I turned into my bed, which is now very comfortable. I know it will give you pleasure to know, that, while away from you all, I never can be more comfortable than at present. —My carpet is beautiful; I have a piece of floor-cloth nailed by the door and a mat; the paper is very light; and altogether, I never shall desire a better or more handsome sitting-room: the bedroom would certainly be better if it were twice the size. The Censor has complimented me on my good behaviour in attending chapel so regularly."

His Mother having paid but a short visit at Oxford, he observes,

"It was great pity you went on Friday, for you would have been very much pleased to have gone to a Sermon at St. Mary's Church, and seen all the Doctors in red robes, and the Noblemen in beautiful blue silk flowered gowns, burdened with gold lace and large gold tassels; but as you shall often come down while I am at Oxford, we will yet contrive to see this. One thing I forgot to say in my letter to Mr. Roberts, which was, I meant to ask him whether Dr. Cyril Jackson was elected from Westminster student of Ch. Ch. or whether he was elected to Trinity College Cam. and came here, and was made student by a canon, or some other piece of ordinance? The latter has been seriously and confidently asserted to me."

The friendly and judicious Letters of the Father, which occasionally occur in this volume, are such as might be expected from so very able and affectionate a monitor. An extract from one of these may be useful to some of our younger Readers.

"In early life most particularly, wine very speedily exhilarates the spirits, and it certainly is the universal practice of young men assembled in jollity, to encourage one another to pass the bottle freely. Any one, who is so truly fortunate as to find head-ache or sickness the general consequence of his excess, has a kind monitor, which, if he bend a fool, he will implicitly obey; but there are numbers of people, who can and do drink far too freely without perceiving any trace of present incon-

ence from it : these are persons who are most to be pitied, because the evil is sure, though not apparent at the time. The seed of mischief becomes rooted ; and the fruit, early in some, and later in others, cannot fail to ripen into a thousand terrible shapes. If a young man on his entrance into life gives it out that wine, beyond a glass, or two or three, disorders him, makes his heart palpitate, or his head ache, that he is medically advised not to exceed this quantity ; that he is resolutely determined to abide by his plan, and that no consideration whatever shall induce him to depart from it ; such a young man, I say, will very soon find that the assaiiment of his companions will bend to his firmness, and they will desist from teasing him farther. He may frequent company unhurt, and having thus established his plan, he incurs no censure. This was the very mode which I myself adopted at a very early age. No young man could be more frequently amongst young men than I was ; but I never did, nor ever would allow any one to compel me, by threat or persuasion, to swallow one drop more than I pleased. I believe I need not add, that in the whole course of my life I never was intoxicated. I have seen most of my early connections drop prematurely into the grave, entirely from the effects of wine."

The following extract is a striking proof of the young man's sensibility.

"Jan. 26. We are all very much distressed here. Vernon, the second son of the Bishop of Carlisle, who was accounted so able, that the Dean would not insult him by giving him a tutor, who gained every prize he ever stood out for, and has never failed to stand out for every one, and who made himself immortal at Oxford by his prize poem, was taken ill on Tuesday with a sore throat, and died of a putrid fever on Friday night ; his brother, who was by some thought even of superior abilities, is lying without hope of life, ill of the same disorder, and in so wonderful a delirium, that he is bound to his bed. Expresses have been sent to the Bishop, and the same which brought him the news of his eldest son's illness, will inform him of the other's death. The Bishop himself being confined to his bed, I think it is the most horrid thing I ever heard of ; every body of the College has the most melancholy appearance ; and compliments and frivolous questions between all ranks here, from the Dean to the Servitor, are superseded by the anxious question, 'how is Ver-

non?' Though the Bishop has nine other sons, the Dean, who is 'his intimate friend,' says, it must kill him ; I think it ought. I had no conception, an event of the kind could have had such an effect on every body, but it is so powerful, that the general melancholy is forced upon one. I believe there is no one in the College that does not feel it."

Some Letters, occasioned by an alarm on hearing that his Mother was ill, are still more affecting ; and he manfully braved all hazards of the Dean's displeasure, by instantly setting off for Ealing.

He subsequently details the progress of his studies ; and communicates several interesting College stories.

"Mr. R. G. hinted to me yesterday, in a very friendly way, that I had done very little ; and I am tormented very much with the Algebra, which I read for a considerable time together, and really cannot comprehend. Unless my abilities change very much for the better, I see perfectly, clearly, and with great sorrow, that I never can pass the examination for a degree."

"I am made very melancholy about my Tutor ; he told me to-day of his having the offer of a living, and his accepting it : I am most excessively sorry for it, on many general accounts ; but considering him as the tutor and the friend he is to me, it is an irreparable loss, by far the most unfortunate circumstance that could have happened for me here ; it reminds me of what Burke said on Johnson's death : 'Johnson is dead, let us go to the next best ; there is none, no one can be said to put one in mind of Johnson.' The greatest pleasure I have here, is in receiving his instructions, and being with him ; this can be the case with no other man. I shall find in my next tutor, perhaps, as good a scholar and as good a man ; but the best qualities of all other tutors united, cannot form what he was to me ; nothing but friendship continued from the earliest date can form such a one."

"March 13. An odd thing happened to-day about half past four. Tom suddenly went mad : he began striking as fast as he could about twenty times ; every body went out, doubting whether there was an earthquake, or whether the Dean was dead, or the College on fire ; however, nothing was the matter but that Tom was taken ill in his bowels ; in other words, something had happened to the works, but it is not of any serious consequence, for he has struck six or as well as ever, and bids fair to toll 101 to-night,

to-night, as well as he did before this attack."

"There is a handsome present made to the University, which I must tell you of: Sir Something Somebody has given £10,000 to it, to be laid out in repairing the mutilated Pontefract and Arundel Statues, and to place them in the Ratcliffe Library, which is now empty: but that library does not belong to the University, but to trustees; on applying to them, they have not only agreed, but promise to allow £200 a year for a person, appointed by the Vice-Chancellor, to take care of them. How nobly the money left by Dr. Ratcliffe answered his purposes. The Library, half the books in the Bodleian, the Ratcliffe Hospital and the Infirmary, have all been built and purchased with only the interest of the money he left; the capital is yet untouched. I have had much intercourse with the Dean for some days; he is very good-natured and facetious; but the other day I said 'yes' in a wrong place, while he was telling me a story, and I was afraid he would fly at me, but he did not."

The following inquiry is curious:

"Do you happen to remember a curious anecdote of Swift, dining with Sir Robert Walpole, at Chelsea, which you once told me? I wish to revive it in my memory, and cannot: one circumstance I remember was, that Sir Robert intercepted his letters; but what the cause or event of it, and what the purport of the story was, I cannot recollect."

In his answer Mr. Roberts says,

"You ask about the anecdote which Sir Edward Walpole told me he was privy to respecting his father and Swift. Lord Peterborough, the common friend of both these personages, persuaded Sir Robert to take Swift into favour, and to promote him in England, urging that Swift had seen the folly of his adherence to Tory principles, was become a Whig, and a friend to the reigning family, and to Sir Robert's administration, that he found himself buried alive in Ireland, and wished to pass his remaining life with English preferment on English ground. After frequent importunities Sir Robert consented to see Swift; he came from Ireland, and was brought by Lord Peterborough to dine at Chelsea; his manner was very captivating, full of respect to Sir Robert, and completely imposing on Lord Peterborough. After dinner, Sir Robert retired to his closet, and sent for Lord Peterborough, who entered full of joy at Swift's demeanour: this was soon done away; Sir Robert

said, 'You see, my lord, how highly I stand in the Dean's favour; you have witnessed the heap of compliments he has uttered?' 'Yes,' replied Lord Peterborough, 'and I am confident he means as he speaks.' Sir Robert proceeded: 'In my situation, assailed as I am by secret enemies, I hold it my duty, and for the King's benefit, to watch correspondence. This letter I caused to be stopped at the post-office, read it! It was a letter from Swift, I think, to Arbuthnot, saying, that Sir Robert had consented to receive him, that he knew no flattery was too gross for Sir Robert, that he should receive plenty, and added, that he should soon have the rascal in his clutches. Lord Peterborough was in astonishment. Sir Robert never saw Swift again. He speedily returned to Ireland, became a more complete misanthrope, and died friendless. I mentioned this anecdote to old Sheridan, who was outrageous at hearing it. I mentioned Sheridan's disbelief to Sir Edward, who was almost equally outrageous, and applied, in my hearing, to his brother Horace to confirm it; but Horace, for reasons best known to himself, had a convenient want of recollection. I have no doubt of the fact, though Sheridan denies it, and alludes to me in his *Life of Swift* in the edition which he published, p. 244."

In some future Number we shall resume this pleasing correspondence.

69. *Catechetical Instruction enforced, in a Sermon preached on Sunday, August the 14th, 1814, at Manchester, for the Benefit of the National Schools there established. By the Rev. George Gaskin, D. D. Rector of Stoke Newington, Middlesex. Rivingtons.*

WE little expected to see any production from the pen of the worthy and much-esteemed * Lecturer of Islington, ushered forth into the world in so distant a part of the Kingdom as Manchester; where it appears he has been labouring with his accustomed zeal and ardour in promoting and furthering the education of youth in the true principles of the Established Church.

Dr. Gaskin has judiciously chosen "Catechetical Instruction," for the subject of his sermon, and enforces

* We believe that we do not err in stating, that Dr. Gaskin has been Lecturer of that extensive parish for a period of nearly forty years; there constantly engaged in the exercise of his ministerial functions.

the necessity and expediency of the same, with much clearness and precision; and we are thoroughly convinced that nothing can serve more essentially to promote the instruction of youth in the precepts of our holy religion than Catechetical Instruction, (i. e. the Church Catechism) which he has so properly made the vehicle for his discourse. The text is taken from Deut. vi. 6, 7. "These words which I command thee, this day, shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children."

The Preacher thus adverts to the nature and design of the Holy Scriptures:

"All scripture is given by inspiration from God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." These are the ends for which the sacred writings of the Bible were indited; and other means, so effectually calculated to answer these ends, there are none. Whatever God hath been pleased to reveal, must be interesting, and claim the attention of the mind, and the warmest affection of the heart. By the word of God we learn, what human nature hath been, what it is now, and what it is capable of becoming. Thence we are instructed relative to the creation, and the fall of man, and the early gracious promise of deliverance from the effects of that fall: we learn how beneficent God hath been in the various dispensations of his providence, leading his people from one degree of light to another, instructing them in the way wherein they should go, and at length sending his only begotten Son into the world to be a sacrifice for sin; we learn, moreover, what are now the terms, in the performance of which the glories of a future world may be our portion. No book, therefore, is of equal importance with the Bible; no knowledge comparable to that which we thence derive; and our value for it cannot rise to too high a degree.—Many words may please; many others may entertain, many may instruct us in useful, interesting science, wherein we may lawfully and laudably take pleasure. But no words are on a level with the words of heavenly wisdom; sweeter also are they than honey and the honey-comb, for by them are God's servants taught, and in keeping them there is great reward."

The foundation, however, of this

Discourse rests on that "admirable summary of Christian doctrine, and Christian practice," the Church Catechism; and he takes a cursory view of every point contained in that unequalled composition. We need not further remark that in doing this, he has, if it be possible, thrown additional lustre and information on this most useful Compilation.—Of the two Sacraments he thus speaks:

"This is a very proper supplement to the preceding matter; because the use of the Sacraments is bound upon us purely as we are Christians.—The moral law was obligatory, in all time prior to the advent of Christ: it was not instituted, but only confirmed by our Lord; whereas to participate in the Christian Sacraments is our duty, purely because Christ hath commanded it—because his Ministers were enjoined to baptize all nations—and because he hath said, "do this," i. e. receive the Sacrament of bread and wine, "in remembrance, or as a memorial of me."

We now close our comments upon this excellent and useful Sermon, and seriously recommend the perusal of it to our Readers. It has a double claim upon our attention; primarily its excellence, and secondly because the profits of it are devoted to that charitable institution for which the Author has thus eloquently pleaded.

70. *A Proposal for improving the System of Friendly Societies, or of Poor Assurance Offices; and, by increasing their Funds, rendering, in process of time, on the principle of Accumulation, all Parochial Taxation for the Relief of the Poor unnecessary. Most respectfully submitted to the Landed Interest of that part of the United Kingdom called England. By Jerome Count De Salis, of the Holy Roman Empire, F. R. S. &c., pp. 100.*

WE recommend these "Proposals" to general perusal; and hope that the worthy Author may live to see his philanthropic ideas realized.

"Some years ago," he says, "I first heard of Friendly Societies, and was induced to make inquiries into their nature from the circumstance of a gentleman, for whom I have a high respect, subscribing to one in the parish of Hillingdon in Middlesex; and I was much gratified to find, that they were associations of tradesmen, mechanics, and labouring men, for their mutual support in sickness and old age; that they subscribed certain

certain sums out of their earnings, to receive so much a week when sick, or from the infirmities of old age unable to work. The thought immediately rose in my mind, that from these societies not a little good might result, were they not left completely to themselves, and were the opulent in each parish to subscribe to them, and make it a condition, that they were to assume the superintendance of them, and see their capitals properly employed, in order to prevent what has not unfrequently happened, I mean their breaking, and many old men thereby entirely losing the fruits of their savings, or the dissolution of the club, and the division of the capital amongst the members. — When I heard that this ideal plan of mine had been almost realized by the indefatigable exertions of the Rev. Mr. Vivian, rector of Bushey, Hertfordshire, assisted by the principal gentlemen and inhabitants of

that parish, and that, by the plan of having honorary members, in the space of seven years the capital of the Male and Female Friendly Societies in that parish had accumulated to near 20000*l.* and that the parochial expences, from a diminution on the demand for parochial assistance, had fallen from 900*l.* a year to 500*l.*; I felt myself still more forcibly called upon to submit to the Publick my ideas on the subject, in hopes that those persons who make political economy and parochial affairs their particular study, might consider the subject more attentively than has hitherto been done, and bring forward some more efficient plan on the subject than I can suggest. In my opinion, it would be of great advantage were this plan sanctioned by the Legislature; and if the name of Friendly Societies were objected to, they might be termed Poor Assurance Offices."

REVIEW OF NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"The principal charms of Musick, which aims at a higher character than that of difficult or rapid execution, consist in the imitation of those tones and movements which are most intimately connected with the passions and affections of the soul."—Dr. COGAN*.

17. *Six Songs in the Comic Opera of Narenski, written by Charles Brown, Esq. Composed by William Reeve.*
1. *Winter Snow-storms*, 1*s.* 6*d.*; 2. *Young Lovers sighing*, 1*s.* 6*d.*; 3. *True it is, I dearly love*, 1*s.*; 4. *The Sexton in love*, 1*s.*; 5. *Place me in good service*, 1*s.*; 6. *Liberty*, 1*s.* 6*d.* Preston.

IN our estimation these Songs possess but slender merits to recommend them to persons of cultivated taste. The last song has a good deal of spirit; but it is still an every-day spirit, produced from known ingredients, without the fire of real genius. English opera songs are mostly adapted to please *au menu peuple*, the most clamorous part of an audience, "the gods." If fugues, as Dr. Burney says, are remarkable for their great longevity, our opera songs are as remarkable for the contrary. John Bull, we fear, will never acquire good taste in musick. He attaches too much importance to his present sensations and opinions, and his prejudices are too strong to be eradicated by cultivation. Those musicians will most profit by him who will fall in with and flatter his humours.

18. *Six Fugues for the Piano-forte or Organ, selected from the following celebrated Composers, Handel, Mozart, and Seb. Bach; carefully fingered for the use of Practitioners*, by I. J. Jousse; with preliminary Observations on Fugues in general, and their utility. pp. 20. 6*s.* Preston.

TO finger well the obligato parts of an elaborate fugue, is a matter of no small difficulty, and can be done by a good performer only. When eminent performers condescend to execute the task, for the benefit of rising musicians, they deserve great praise, and are sure of remuneration. Of Mr. Jousse's qualifications we cannot speak, as we know him by little or nothing of his own. He has published an instruction-book for the Piano-forte, another for Singing, an Harmonic Tree, &c. &c. compilations of no striking merit. We could have wished to present him to our Readers in a more favourable light than justice to others will now permit. It would be ridiculous to say that the fugues of these authors are excellent—most excellent. We shall only observe that, for the most part, the

* Treatise on the Passions.

figuring in this publication, almost every note of which is marked, deserves our approbation. But to whom is the credit due? Not to Mr. Jousse certainly. His title-page asserts an impudent falsehood; for the fugues and the fingering are wholly taken out of L. Adam's *Méthode de Piano, du Conservatoire; à Paris, An. XIII*, fol. page 201 to 217; taken in the lump without any selection whatever. It is true Mr. Jousse has translated the fingering. In England, a cross \times (a character too like our double sharp) is used to denote the thumb; but in other countries the thumb is marked as the first finger, the index the second, and so on. We must not forget to remark that his book is "entered at Stationers' Hall." His "observations" occupy the first page only.—"A fugue is a composition either vocal or instrumental (or both), consisting of 3, 4, or 5 (or, he might have added, other number of) parts, in which one part leads off a determined succession of notes, called the *subject*, which, after being answered in the fifth or eighth by the other parts, is interspersed through the movement, and distributed amongst the parts at the pleasure of the composer; sometimes accompanied by other accessory melodies, sometimes (accompanied) by itself. The word fugue is derived from the Latin word *fuga*, flight; because in all fugues the parts fly, or run, after each other." p. 1.

19. *Explanation of the Keys in Musick*, by Samuel Wesley, 1s. (printed on both sides of a card, 8 inches by $5\frac{1}{2}$). Hodson.

MR. Wesley informs us "Every piece of musick is said to be composed in a *key*. By a *key* is to be understood the *intervals* of the 7 notes of the *scale* and their completion in the octave, or repetition of the first sound. Example: C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, d, e, &c. The *key* (or *scale* of intervals) is divided into major and minor, which two words relate to the third sound above the first *tone* or *key*." He then gives a list of all the major and minor thirds, as A, C; C, E; &c. and, on the other side of the card, a table of relative keys, from 0 to 6 sharps, and 0 to 6 flats.

20. *Handel's Overtures, arranged as Duets for two performers on the Piano-forte*, by Dr. Callcott. No. 1. *Overture to Samson*, pp. 9. 3s. No. 2. *Rinaldo*, pp. 5. 2s. No. 3. *Messiah*, pp. 5. 2s. Preston.

FROM the manner in which these Overtures are arranged, it is obvious that they are intended for learners. It is probable that No. 1, will be the favourite, and it is hardly to be expected that learners would be much pleased with the sublime overture to the *Messiah*, which is in E minor. We have not thought it necessary to examine the arrangement minutely, nor to extend our remarks on compositions so generally known.

21. *The much-admired Bell-dance, as performed by Mrs. Parker, in Aladdin; for the Pianoforte, composed by W. H. Ware*. pp. 3. 1s. 6d.

THIS is an allegretto with variations, not difficult nor very original, but in a familiar style, agreeable to such as receive more pleasure from rhythm than melody, such as do not yet fully comprehend the musical expression of sentiment.

22. *The New Pastoral Medley Overture to the revived Opera of the Maid of the Mill; composed by Wm. Reeve*. pp. 7. 2s. Preston.

MR. Reeve has composed or compiled an opera overture of old tunes, forming solos for hautbois, flute, bassoon, horns, &c. in the highest style of the English Opera, namely, in the lowest style possible. It will delight, and perhaps has delighted multitudes.

Shortly will be published,—"The Governess's Musical Assistant, chiefly intended for the Use of Governesses teaching or superintending Young Persons on the Pianoforte, containing the different Scales in Musick, with a short Dictionary of Words, &c. Explaining, by the most easy method, the use of the Clefs, Notes, Graces, Characters, Marks of Expression, &c. &c. With appropriate Preludes and Lessons. The whole arranged, selected, and composed by JOSEPH COGGINS."

Vol. LXXXIV. Part I. p. 417. col. 1. l. 32. for Knighton, read Knipton.

SELECT

SELECT POETRY.

MR. URBAN, *Louth, Oct. 18.*

I AM desirous of preserving in your valuable Miscellany, the following Verses, which were written by the late Rev. Robert Uvedale, D. D.* as an Exercise, when at Winchester School, under Dr. Burton.

Yours, &c. R. U.

THE THIRD CHAPTER OF HABAKKUK.

WHEN from high Paran's Mount th' Almighty rode,

Refulgent Majesty proclaim'd the God;
Omnipotence bid Heaven's bright Powers advance,

And radiant Glory deck'd the wide ex-
All Earth, all Heaven, seem'd one continu-
ed blaze,

And all the God shone forth in full meri-
His hand did beaming influence inspire,
And from his footsteps issued coals of fire.
Before Him march'd a dismal wretched
train,

Wide-wasting Pestilence, and woeful Pain;
Whilst at his throne all Nations prostrate
fall,

And He in mighty wisdom grasps the ball.
He look'd!—Earth's numerous kingdoms
were dismay'd;

Perpetual hills did bow, and were afraid.
He spake—and shook the firm-establish'd
ground,

Whilst Heaven's vast concave thunder'd
Each towering mountain totter'd to and fro,
Hoarse ocean's thundering billows roar'd
below;

With deep-fetch'd sighs thy tents, O Cu-
shan, mourn'd,

And trembling Midian groan for groan re-
Say, powerful God—Great Lord of Heav'n
and Earth,

What gave thy wrathful indignation birth?
Did Ocean's waves resist thy mighty hand,
Or prove rebellious to thy dread com-
mand?

When through the deep secure whole na-
tions trod,

And chariots of salvation own'd their God:
High on each side, the floods and waters
staid,

The waters saw Thee, and the floods obey'd.
Thou saidst—when, struck with thy super-
rior force,

All Nature starting, quits her wonted course.

* Rector of Langton juxta Partney, and Vicar of Swin-shead, co. Lincoln, and Ixworth, co. Suffolk, and Chaplain to Charles Marquis of Rockingham. He was son of Dr. Robert Uvedale, Vicar of Enfield (by his wife Anne, daughter of the Rev. William Washbourne, M. A. Sub-dean of St. Paul's, and Vicar of Edmon-ton), and grandson of Dr. Robert Uvedale, Rector of Orpington, Kent, the celebrated Botanist.

Thou bidst the harden'd flint thine igni-
ence own,

And rivers gushing fall from rocks of stone.
In Gibeon was thy wondrous power dis-
play'd,

Hear'n heard thy fiat, and the Sun obey'd;
The Moon beam'd forth miraculously pale,
And stopp'd in Ajalon's sequester'd vale;
Thy glittering spears diffus'd a gladome
light,

And all thine arrows shone magnificently
Now did thy dreadful indignation rise,
Thy fund of vengeance blacken'd all the
skies;

What now but woes, succeeding trains of
woe,

'Till ghastly ruin swallow'd up the foe,
All Nature heard thy dreadful thunders
roll,

And desolation rag'd from pole to pole.
Yet, though the fig-tree shall no more
display

Her op'ning blossoms to the cheerful day,
Though the green olive yield no more her
oil,

Nor vineyards recompense the labourer's
Though murrains seize the herd and fescy
train,

And blights destroy the vegetable grain;
Yet shall Salvation crown my soul with
rest,

And Reason prove my salutary guest;
Jehovah's praise shall all my soul employ,
"And every sense be lost, in every joy."

AN EXTRACT

From one of GREGORY NAZIANZEN'S Poems,
wherein he is describing the Creation.
Translated from the Greek by H. S. BORN.

A TIME there was, when darkness, drear
and wild,

Pervaded all; nor lovely morning smil'd,
Nor Phœbus traced his flaming path of
light,

Nor Cynthia beam'd, the ornament of night:
All things were blended in confusion vain,
O'erwhelm'd, and bound by Chaos' gloomy
chain.

But thee, O Christ, thy mighty Father
chose,

The World in beautiful order to dispose.
Light first is form'd, that Nature rob'd in
light,

With lovelier tints may charm the dazzled;
The star-crown'd Heaven thy forming
hand prepar'd:

The sun, the moon, thy potent mandate
Thou bad'st the sun to gild the glowing
morn

With floods of light, and Cynthia's silver
On Heaven's blue vault with gender beam
to play,

Smile o'er the gloom, and give a second
The

The earth was hung beneath: while
 Ocean's arms [charms,
 Encircling press'd her fair and virgin
 High wav'd the woods, and gaily bloom'd
 the bowers, [flowers:
 And tints of Heav'n illum'd the golden
 To life, to rapture, countless myriads
 sprang, [mountains rang.
 And with Creation's joy the groves and
 Thus all was beauty; Heaven, and Earth,
 and Main;
 Yon Heaven rejoicing in the heavenly train
 Of stars unnumber'd, while thy creatures
 bland [the land.
 Glide o'er the gentle wave, and roam along

EPIGRAMS ON EUPHEMIUS,

A Youth of promising genius, who died prematurely. Written by St. GREGORY NAZIANZEN, and translated from the Greek by H. S. BOYD.

1.

THOUGH twain their forms, their souls
 were yet the same,
 Brothers in blood, in wisdom, and in fame,
 A hallow'd pair; their virtue beam'd on
 high, [sky:
 Bright as the brightest orb that gilds the
 Fate envied both; Euphemius fell, and
 left
 Amphilochns, of half his soul bereft.

2.

Euphemius slumbers in this hallow'd
 ground,
 Son of Amphilochns, by all renown'd:
 He whom the Graces to the Muses gave,
 Tuneful no more, lies mouldering in the
 grave:
 The minstrels came to chaunt the bridal
 lay,
 But swifter Envy bore her prize away.

3.

What shall we do? the weeping Graces
 said;
 Ye kindred Muses, speak: among the dead
 Euphemius lies, our fairest, brightest work!
 To whom the Nine: since Envy loves to
 lurk
 'Mid Fancy's bowers, and even to destroy
 The bud that earliest blooms, with savage
 joy,
 Now may she quaff her fill: but let us
 swear,
 Never henceforth to frame with equal care
 A mind so richly fraught, or mould a form
 so fair.

4.

Euphemius flash'd, then veil'd his dazzling
 beam, [gleam.
 As bright and transient as the lightning's
 illum'd with Wisdom's fire, with Beauty's
 glow,
 He bade our joy, and bids our sorrow flow.

5.

A youth, upborne on genial Fancy's wing,
 His lov'd companions' joy, their blooming
 spring;

The Muses' child; the Graces' golden
 wreath;
 A spotless plant, Euphemius lies beneath.
 Ah me! that torch, by Love prepar'd to
 burn, [urn.
 Should light thy nuptials, not reveal thy

6.

Euphemius sipp'd Castalia's honey'd dews,
 And woo'd the Attic and Ausonian Muse;
 For him their blended flowers were fully
 blown, [shoue.
 When o'er his head but twenty suns had
 In youth's gay morn, in beauty's roseate
 bloom,
 He fell, and wither'd in the envious tomb.

7.

For golden lineage was Euphemius fam'd,
 A heart as noble, and a life unblam'd,
 Pleasant and courteous, tuneful was his
 tongue,
 And o'er his form the Graces raptur'd hung,
 A form as bright as theirs: yet soon he fell,
 For here perfection may not, cannot dwell.

8.

With bards and orators Euphemius vied,
 His country's glory, and his parents' pride;
 Light o'er his blooming cheek the down
 was spread, [bed:
 And all the loves were summon'd to his
 But, ah! his bridal chamber is the tomb:
 His morn of bliss is veil'd in sorrow's gloom.

9.

Ye fountains, streams, and groves, ye
 warbling throng, [song,
 Who pour from every bough melodious
 Light-fanning winds, that whisper balmy
 rest,
 And smiling gardens, by the Graces drest,
 Mourn, lovely Land! in death his honour'd
 name
 Euphemius gave thee, and immortal fame.
 Fair was Euphemius 'mid the blooming
 swains,
 And fair art thou, Elysium of the plains.
 From hence in thee the blended Graces
 shine: [divine.
 Bloom, ever bloom, Euphemius, realm

The above series comprises all the Epigrams which St. Gregory wrote upon Euphemius. The Greek text of some of them may be seen in the Fifteenth Number of the Classical Journal.

THE SKULL GOBLET.

Attributed to LORD BYRON.

ΝΕΚΡΟΝ ἄλατρινον κερεινον. LUCIAN.

START not.....nor deem my spirit fled:
 In me behold the only skull,
 From which, (unlike a living head,)
 Whatever flows is never dull.

I liv'd, I lov'd, I quaff'd, like thee;
 I died: Let Earth my bones resign,
 Fill up, thou canst not injure me;
 The worm has fouler lips than thine.

Better